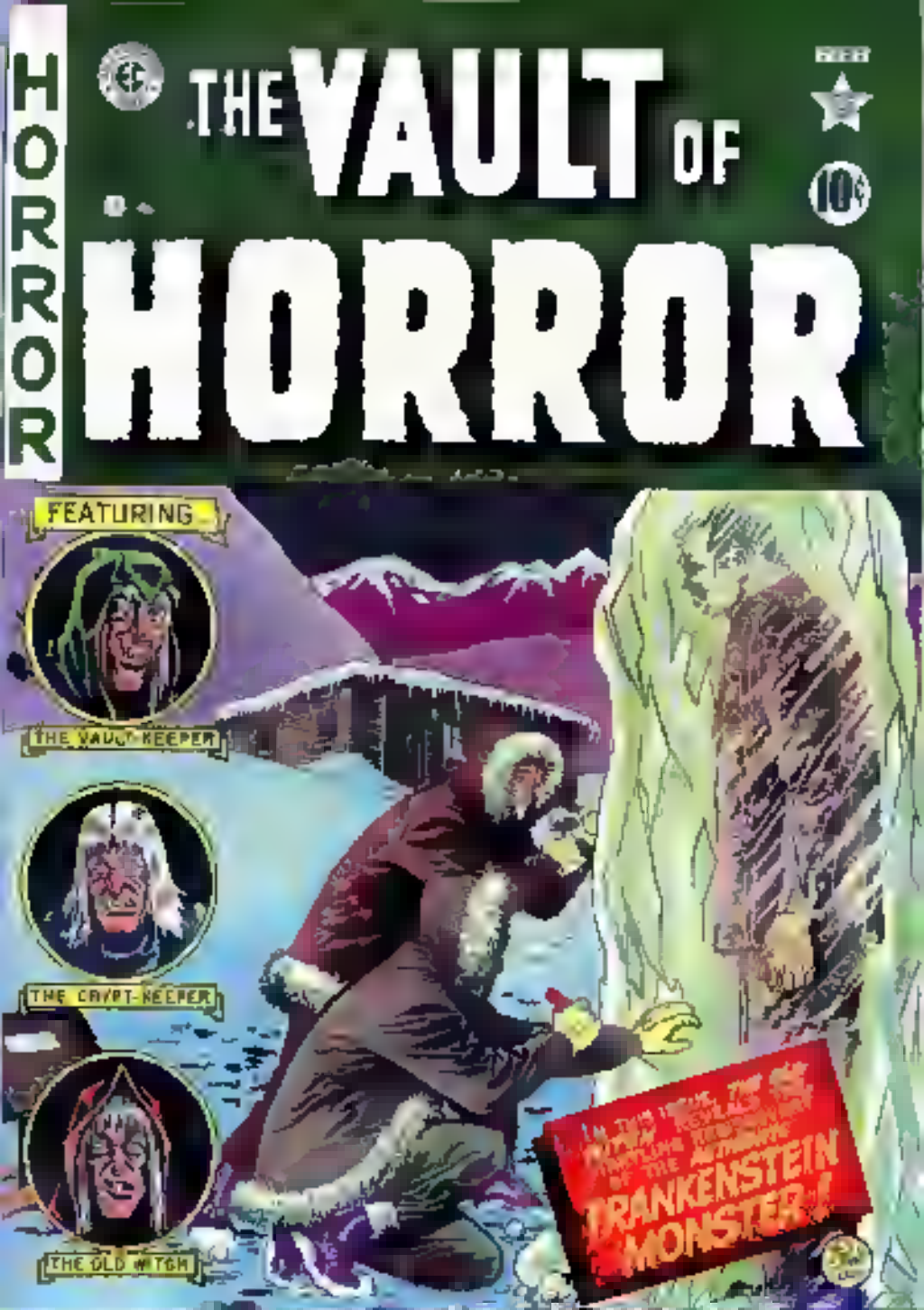
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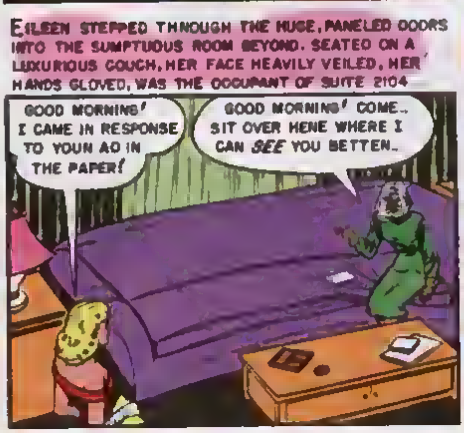
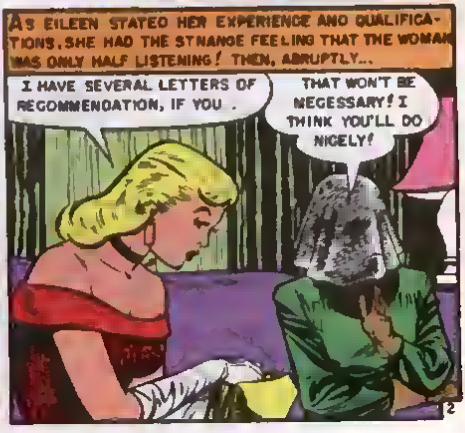
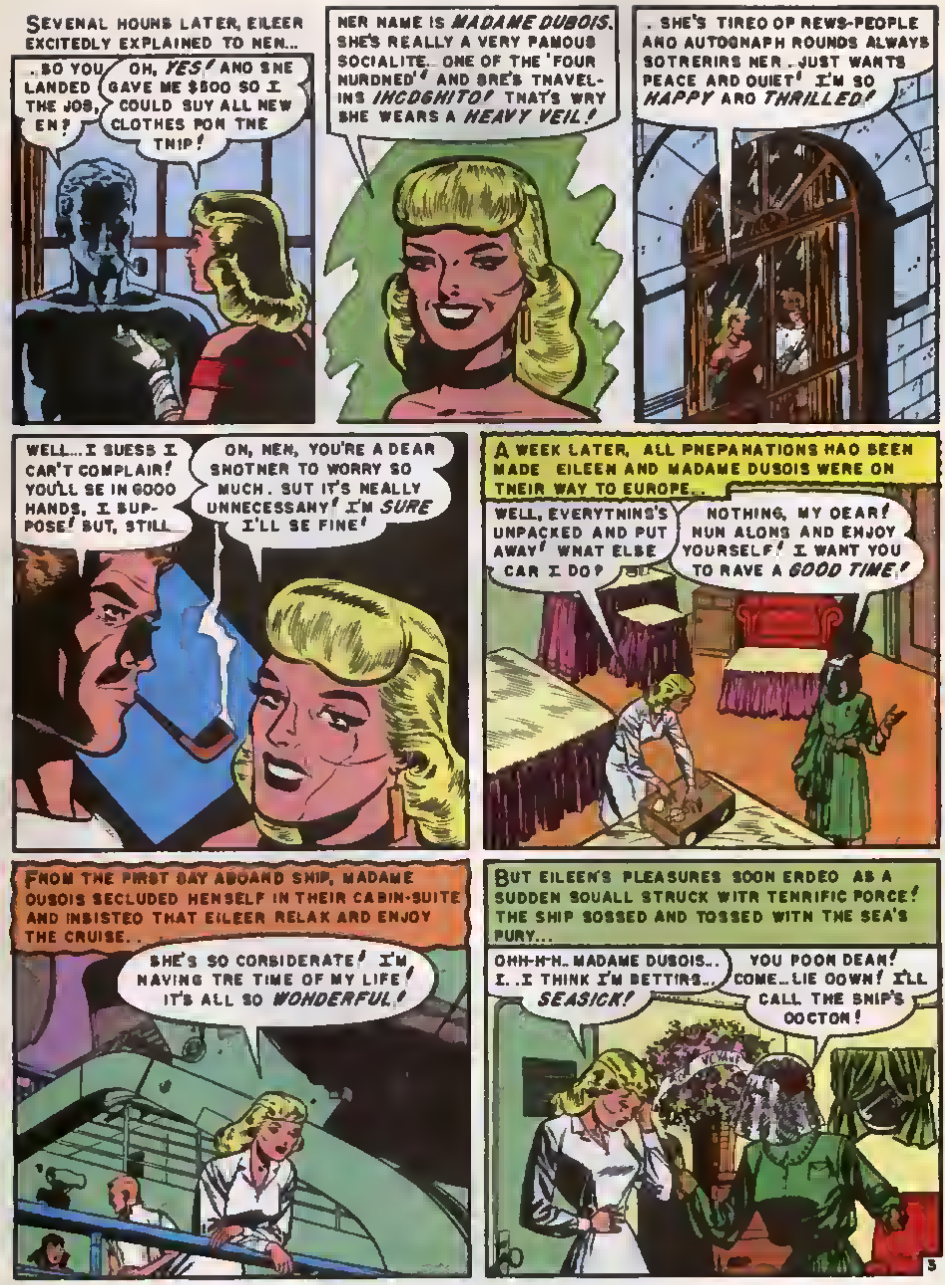
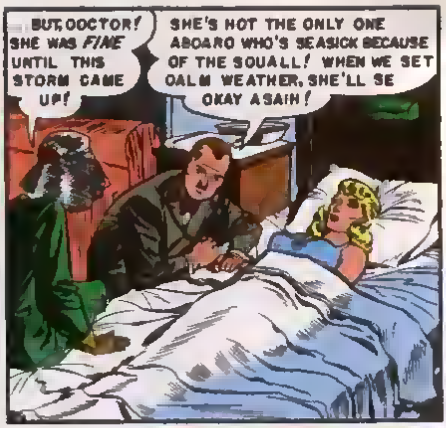
THE VAULT of HORROR!

SHE WAITED, AS ONE BY ONE THOSE AHEAD OF HER WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM, AND ONE BY ONE RETURNED, EACH FACE WITH ITS DISAPPOINTED EXPRESSION LENT HOPE TO HER HEART!

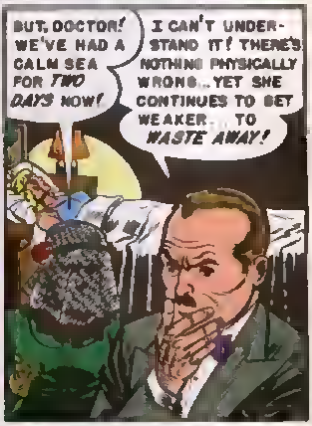




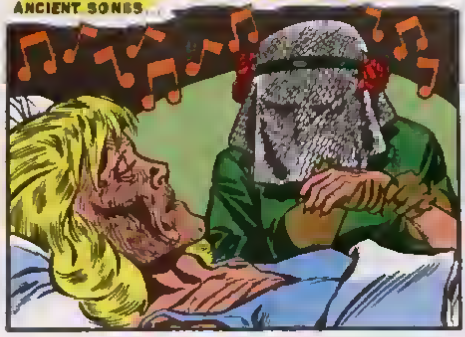

SEVENAL HOURS LATER, EILEER EXCITEDLY EXPLAINED TO NEN...
..SO YOU LANDED THE JOB, EN?
OH, YES! AND SNE GAVE ME $500 SO I COULD SUY ALL NEW CLOTHES PON THE TNIP!
NER NAME IS MADAME DUBOIS. SHE'S REALLY A VERY FAMOUS SOCIALITE.. ONE OF THE 'FOUR NURDNED' AND SRE'S TNAVELINS INCOGNITO! TNAT'S WRY SHE WEARS A HEAVY VEIL!
. SHE'S TIREO OP REWS-PEOPLE ANO AUTOGNAPH ROUNDS ALWAYS SOTRERIRS NER . JUST WANTS PEACE ARO QUIET! I'M SO HAPPY ARO THRILLED!
WELL...I SUESS I CAR'T COMPLAIR! YOU'LL SE IN GOOO HANDS, I SUPPOSE! BUT, STILL...
OH, NEN, YOU'RE A DEAR SNOTNER TO WORRY SO MUCH. SUT IT'S NEALLY UNNECESSAHY! I'M SURE I'LL SE FINE!
A WEEK LATER, ALL PNEPANATIONS HAO BEEN MADE EILEEN AND MADAME DUSOIS WERE ON TNEIR WAY TO EUROPE..
WELL, EVERYTNING'S UNPACKED AND PUT AWAY! WNAT ELSE CAR I DO?
NOTHING, MY OEAR! NUN ALONS AND ENJOY YOURSELF! I WANT YOU TO RAVE A GOOD TIME!
FNOM THE FIRST SAY ABOANO SNIP, MADAME OUSOIS SECLUDED HENSELF IN THEIR CABIN-SUITE AND INSISTEO TNAT EILEER RELAX ARO ENJOY THE CRUISE..
SHE'S SO CORSIDERATE! I'M NAVING TRE TIME OF MY LIFE! IT'S ALL SO WONDERFUL!
SUT EILEEN'S PLEASURES SOON ERDEO AS A SUDDEN SQUALL STRUCK WITR TENRIFIC PORCE! THE SNIP SOSSED AND TOSSED WITN THE SEA'S PURY...
OHH-H-H.. MADAME DUSOIS.. I..I THINK I'M BETTIRS..
SEASICK!
YOU POOR DEAR! COME...LIE OOWN! I'LL CALL THE SNIP'S OOCTOR!
5

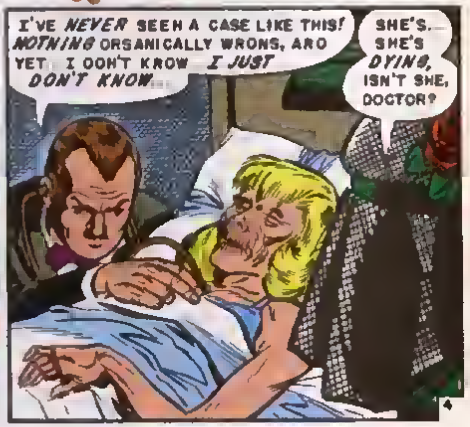


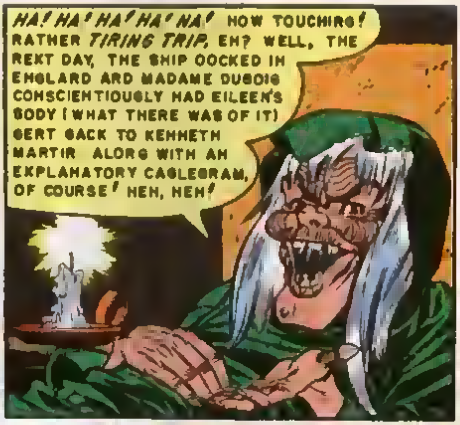
FOR THREE DAYS, MADAME DUBOIS REMAINED BY EILEEN'S SIDE, DOING EVERYTHING SHE COULD TO SOOTHE, TO COMFORT HER..



THE NEXT DAY FOUND EILEEN MUCH WORSE. HER SKIN WAS WRINKLED AND HER CHEEKS HOLLOWED... HER ENTIRE BODY LOOKED AGED AND WITHERED. THROUGH IT ALL, MADAME DUBOIS CHANTED HER ANCIENT SONGS...

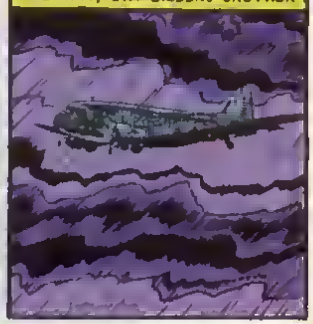






EILEEN'S SMALL FUNERAL WAS HELD ON A DISMAL, RAINY DAY. ENGROSSED IN HIS THOUGHTS, KENNETH HARDLY HEARD THE MINISTER'S EULOGY.

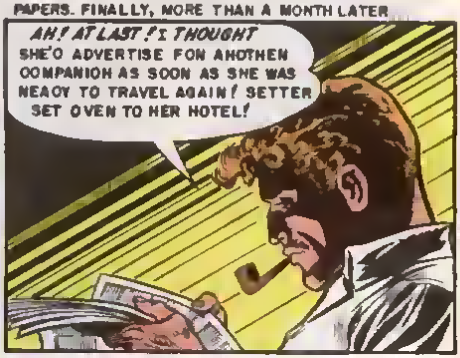
THAT RIGHT, A TRANSCONTINENTAL AIRPLANE WINGED ITS WAY THROUGH THE RAIN-STREAKED SKY ON ITS WAY TO MARSEILLES. AND IN IT, SAT EILEEN'S BROTHER



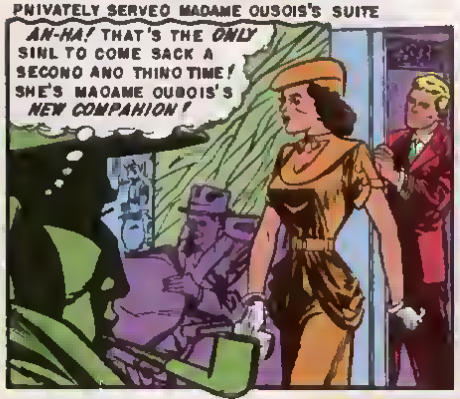
UPON REACHING MARSEILLES, KENNETH WENT STRAIGHT TO MADAME DUBOIS'S SUITE IN THE HOTEL DE CONCOURD. THE DOOR OPENED TO HIS KNOCK AND A SLEEK, DARK-HAIRED GIRL STOOD FACING HIM...

HE WAS USHERED INTO A SPACIOUS, EXPENSIVELY DECORATED ROOM.

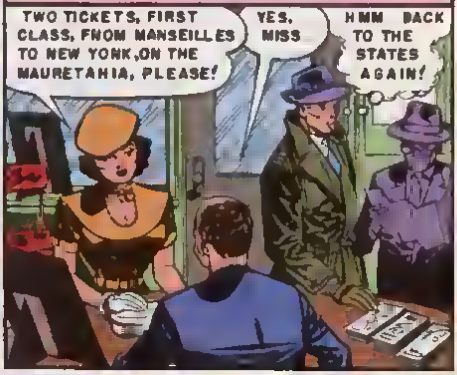
KENNETH TOOK A ROOM IN ANOTHER HOTEL NEARBY HE KEPT A SHARP WATCH ON MADAME DUBOIS'S HOTEL. AND ALSO ON THE WANT ADS IN THE NEWSPAPERS. FINALLY, MORE THAN A MONTH LATER



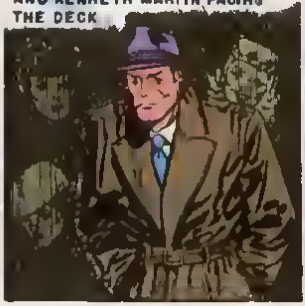
PATIENTLY, KENNETH WATCHED THE ELEVATOR THAT PRIVATELY SERVED MADAME DUBOIS'S SUITE



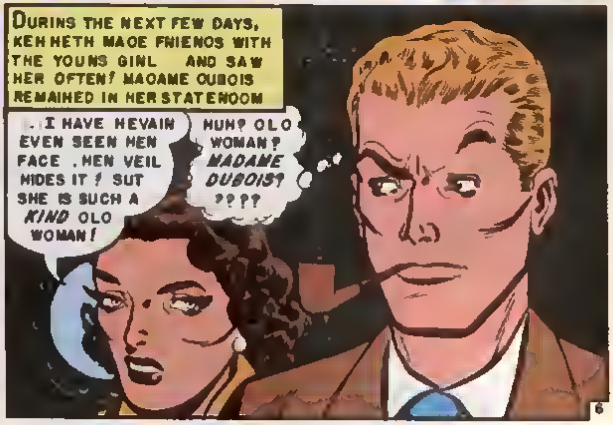
KENNETH FOLLOWED THE GIRL DOWN SEVERAL STREETS AND INTO A TRAVEL AGENCY.



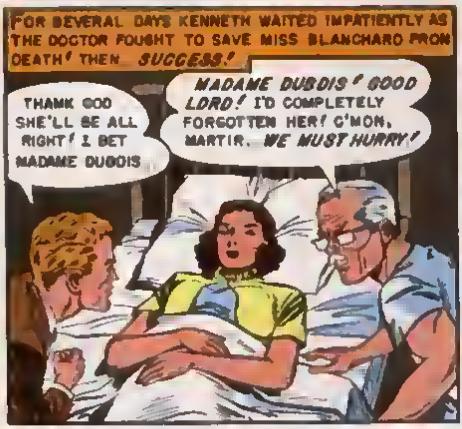
THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOUND THE MAURETANIA HEADING OUT TO SEA. WITH MADAME DUBOIS AND HER LOVELY COMPANION IN THEIR LUXURIOUS STATEROOM AND KENNETH MARTIN PACING THE DECK.

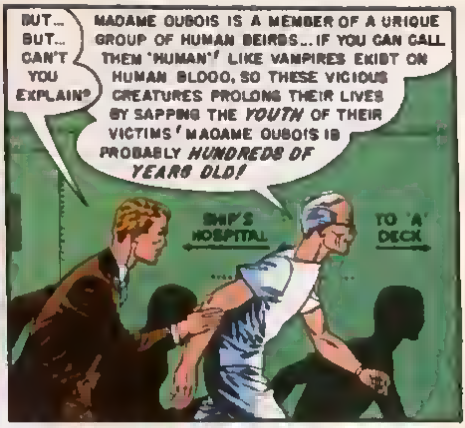


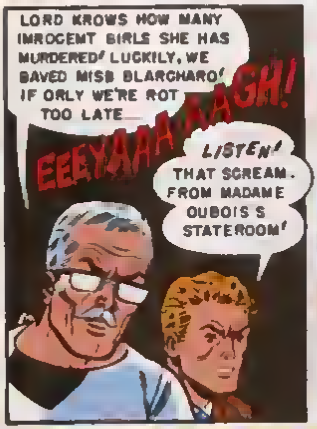
DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, KENNETH MADE FRIENDS WITH THE YOUNG GIRL AND SAW HER OFTEN! MADAME DUBOIS REMAINED IN HER STATEROOM



AND THEN A SUDDEN STORM SLASHED AT THE SHIP! IT ROCKED AND TORSED FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND KENNETH SAW NO MORE OF THE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL...
STEWARD..HAVE YOU SEEN MISS BLANCHARD?
YES, SIR SHE IS CONFINED TO HER STATEROOM, MIN. SEASICKNESS!
DOCTOR MISS BLANCHARD.. I MUST KNOW HOW SHE IS!
WELL, FRANKLY, MR. MARTIN, I'M WORRIED! I CAN'T FIND THE SLIGHTEST THING WRONG WITH HER..BUT HER CONDITION IS CONSTANTLY GETTING WORSE!
CERTAIN NOW THAT MISS BLANCHARD WAS FACING HIS SISTER'S FATE, KENNETH BOUNDED FORTH THE STORY OF EILEEN'S DEATH..
DON'T YOU SEE? THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING TO MISS BLANCHARD!
INCREDIBLE! I'VE HEARD OF CASES LIKE THIS, BUT COME! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!
PICKING UP SEVERAL STEWARDS ON THE WAY, THE DOCTOR AND KENNETH RACED ALONG THE DECK AND RUNNING INTO MADAME DUBOIS'S STATEROOM..
WHAT..?! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
STEWARDS! TAKE MISS BLANCHARD TO SHIP'S HOSPITAL!
NO! NO! NO! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME! STOP! STOP!
DO AS I SAY, MEN! I'LL STAY AND LOCK MADAME DUBOIS IN HER STATEROOM!
STOP! STOP! I NEED HER! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
LOCK THE DOOR, MARTIN, QUICKLY!
A17
CLICK!
DOCTOR, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, MR MARTIN! WE MUST RUSH TO THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL!

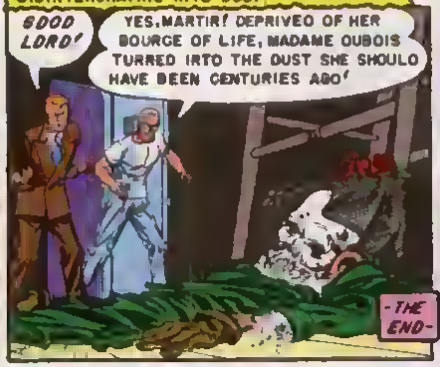


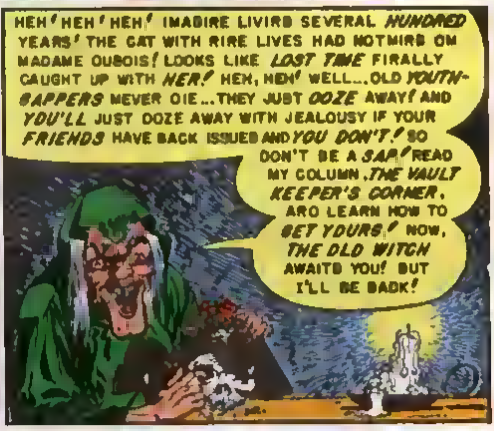




THE TWO MEN CRASHED INTO THE ROOM! HORRIFIED, THEY SAW MADAME DUBOIS BROVELING ON THE FLOOR, HER FACE AND BODY CONTORTED AND TWISTING AS THE CULMINATION OF TIME CHEATED, WREAKED ITS VENGEANCE UPON HER...

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE AGONIZED, SHRIEKING FIGURE HAD BROKEN AND CRUMPLED... FINALLY DISINTEGRATING INTO DUST!





THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH!* MISTRESS OF THE *HAUNT OF FEAR!* AS YOU KNOW, EACH TIME WE MEET, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY *CAULDRON* AND COOK UP A *TASTY TALE OF TERROR... JUST FOR YOU!* SO SETTLE BACK! MY *EVIL BREW* IS ALMOST DONE! TUCK YOUR *SHROUDS* UNDER YOUR CHINS AND I'LL LADLE OUT THE *MAD-MORSEL-OF-MORBIDITY* I CALL...

THE MONSTER IN THE ICE!

MY STORY BEGINS FAR OUT ON THE LONELY STRETCHES OF THE BARREN FROZEN WASTE THAT IS THE *ARCTIC!* IN A SMALL SHACK, HALF COVERED WITH ICE AND SNOW, A MIDDLE-AGED GEOLOGIST SITS AT AN EQUIPMENT-CLUTTERED TABLE! THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A BLAST OF FREEZING AIR SWEEPS THROUGH THE SHACK...

WHEN I TOLD HIM WHERE I WANTED TO GO, HE REFUSED TO TAKE ME! STARTED HOWLING SOME GIBBERISH ABOUT 'THE MONSTER IN THE ICE!'
WHAT? A MONSTER... IN THE ICE? ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS WHAT HE SAID?
OF COURSE I'M SURE! I UNDERSTAND HIM AS WELL AS YOU! PERHAPS YOU CAN TALK TO HIM, DAWSON! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE NEED THOSE READINGS!
I'LL TRY! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
GERALD DAWSON DRESSES IN THE AWKWARD, BULKY FUR CLOTHING OF THE FROZEN NORTH AND MOVES OUT OF THE WARM, SNOW-COVERED SHACK INTO THE BLASTING WIND! LEANING HARD AGAINST ITS BITING FORCE, HE STUMBLES TOWARD A NEARBY IGLOO.
LOMO? YOU IN THERE?
YES, MISSA DAWSON! I IN HERE! YOU COME..
DAWSON ENTERS THE DRUG INTERIOR OF THE IGLOO! A FIRE BURNS CHEERILY IN THE CENTER OF THE ICE FLOOR..
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT NEFUSING TO GUIDE MISTER CAMPBELL NORTH OF THE ICE FIELD, LOMO?
NO GO! NEVER GO THERE!
WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
MONSTER... IN ICE! ONCE HE ROAM ICE FIELDS! KILL MANY! THOSE WHO SEE IT AND LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET AWAY COME BACK OUT OF THEIR MINDS... CRAZY! IT HORRIBLE..
DAWSON RETURNS TO THE SHACK
WELL? DID YOU SEE ANYWHERE?
THE POOR DEVIL IS SCARED SILLY! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING FROZEN IN THE ICE OUT THERE... SOME MONSTER!
WHAT SAY WE GO TAKE A LOOK, DAWSON? MAYBE WE CAN CONVINCE THESE ESKIMOS HOW SILLY THEIR SUPERSTITIONS ARE!
I FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO DO THAT, CAMPBELL! I HAD LOMO FIX US UP A DOG-SLED! C'MON! WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THERE AND GET BACK BY NIGHT-FALL!
2

SEVEHAL HOURS LATER, AE THE TWO SEOLOEIBTS HAKE THEIR WAY ACHOES THE BAHHEH MOHTHEHH WASTES..
HOW WUCH FUHTHEH, OAWEOR?
ACCOHDIHS TO LOHO, IT OUEHT TO EE AHOUHO HEHE SOWEWHERE! KEEP YOUH EYES OPEH!
MUSH!
SUDDENLY, THE OOB-SLEO COWEE TO A ETOP! THE SLEO-OOBS HEFUEE TO SO OH! THEY COWER IH THE EHOW, THE HAIR OH THEIR HECKS EHISTLIHS! THEY DHAW BACK THEIH THICK LIPS REVEALIHS WHITE FAHSS! FHOM THEIR THROATS COME DEEP SHOWLS
WHAT'S BOTTEH INTO THOSE MUTTE?
SEARCH HE, CAMPBELL! THEY WON'T MOVE! WHATEVER'S BOTHERIHE THEH MUST EE UP AHEAD! LET'E HOOF IT!
HERSEHT CAMPBELL FOLLOWS HIS COHOHT ACHOSS THE SMOOTH ICE! SUDDENLY, SERALE DAWSON ETOPE! HE PEERE WIDE-EYED IHTO THE ICE EEHEATH HIS FEET...
CAMPBELL! COHE HEHE! QUICKLY!
WHAT IS IT, SEHALO? WHAT OO YOU SEE?
LOOK! DOWH THERE!
GOOD LORD! HEHE IS SOHETHIHS IH THE ICE!
THE TWO HEH ETAHE OOWH AT THE HAZY FOHH BEHEATH THE FHOZEH E HFACE
LOOKE LIKE A MAN! BIS FOH A HAH, THOUSH! CAH'T MAKE OUT HIS FACE EITHER!
I'LL BE HIBHT BACK! I'W GOIHS TO EET A PICK-AKE!
AFTEH A FEW HIHUTEE, OAWEOH HETURHE WITH AH AKE AHE BESIHS TO CHOP THE ICE IH A LAHSE OBLOHO SHAPE AHOUHO THE BODY.
WHAT AHE TOU EOIHE TO OO, SEHALO?
WHY, WE'RE SOIHS TO OIE THIE "HOHSTER" OUT ARO SHIHS IT BACK WITH UE! PHOSABLY SOHE POOH EXPLOHE'HE FROZEH REHAIHS!
SOOH A HUBE ELOCK OF ICE IE CHIPPED OUT OF THE ICE-FIELO A BLOCK CONTAIHIHS THE BOOY OF THE ESKIWO'S "ICE-HOHSTEH"! THE ICE-CAKE IE LOADED ON THE OOB-SLEO
DOWH, BOY! OOWH! MUSH!
SOMETHIHS'S BOTHERIHS THOSE SLEO-OOBS! THEY'RE ACTIHE AWFULLY HERVOUS! YOU'O THIHK THEY WERE NEVER HEAR A DEAO BODY BEFORE THIS!
3

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE GEOLOGISTS REACH CAMP WITH THEIR FIND
WELL, LOMO! HERE YOU ARE!
WHAT. WHAT YOU GOT THERE?
TAKE A GOOD LOOK, LOMO! THERE'S YOUR ICE-MONSTER! NOTHING BUT THE REMAINS OF SOME POOR DEVIL WHO FROZE TO DEATH OUT THERE!
NO! NOT TRUE! MONSTER NOT HUMAN! MONSTER HORRIBLE! ANYONE WHO SEE IT GO MAD FROM FRIGHT!
WELL, YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM NOW! WHY DON'T YOU GO MAD?
CANNOT SEE FACE! SEE ONLY HAZY FORM! FORM OF LARGE MAN! FACE FEATURES ARE WHAT DRIVE MEN OUT OF MIND! MY ANCESTORS TELL LEGEND
LEGEND BAH! HELP ME GET THIS BLOCK INSIDE! WE'RE GOING TO GET THE ICE OFF THIS CORPSE AND SETTLE THIS THING ONCE AND FOR ALL!
NO! NO! LOMO AFRAID! NO WANT TO SEE MONSTER!
DON'T BE A FOOL, LOMO!
EVEN IF IT WERE A HORRIBLE MONSTER IT CAN'T HURT YOU NOW! IT'S DEAD! NOTHING DEAD CAN HARM YOU!
MONSTER NOT DEAD! ICE HOLD IT! CHIP ICE AWAY AND YOU FREE IT!
LISTEN, LOMO! ENOUGH OF THIS ROT! YOU START CHIPPING AWAY THAT BLOCK WHILE GERALD AND I GET WARMED UP! UNDERSTAND? AND IF YOU DON'T... SO HELP ME, I'LL KICK YOU OUT OF CAMP WITHOUT A DOG OR A MORSEL OF FOOD!
YES, MISSA CAMPBELL! I CHIP ICE!
I'LL BE LISTENING IN THE NEXT ROOM! I WANT TO HEAR YOU CHIPPING, GET ME?
C'MON, HERBERT! LEAVE THE POOR FELLOW BE! HE'LL DO IT!
4

DAWSON AND CAMPBELL GO INTO THE NEXT RDOR OF THE SHACK AND CLOSE THE DOOR! THE 'CHACK-CHACK' OF LOMO CHIPPING AWAY AT THE BLOCK OF ICE DRIFTS THROUGH TO THEM AS THEY SIT WARRINN THEMSELVES NEAR THE PDT-BELLIED STOVE
YOU KNOW, HERB! SUPERSTITIONS AMONG NATIVE PEOPLE USUALLY HAVE A BASIS IN FACT!
BAH! NOT THIS TIME! YOU CAN SEE THAT THE THING IN THE ICE IS NO MONSTER!
SUDDENLY, GERALD DAWSON'S FACE LIGHTS UP! HIS EYES WIDEN...
HERB! DID YOU EVER READ 'FRANKENSTEIN' BY MARY SHELLY?
NO! BUT I SAW THE MOVIE...
NO! I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE HOLLYWOOD VERSION! THAT WAS NOTHING LIKE THE BOOK! IN THE ORIGINAL 'FRANKENSTEIN' DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN PURSUED HIS MONSTER WHICH HE'D CONSTRUCTED FROM PARTS OF DEAD CORPSES AND LIVING ANIMALS...TO THE ARCTIC! HE NEVER DID KILL THE MONSTER! IT WAS LAST SEEN DRIFTING AWAY ON AN ICE-FLOW!
YEAH? SO WHAT?
WHEN FRANKENSTEIN WAS FIRST PUBLISHED BACK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, IT WAS RUMORED THAT THE STORY WAS TRUE!
TRUE? YOU REAH...
SUPPOSE THAT THING WE HAVE IN THE NEXT ROOM IS THE REAL FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, GERALD! YOU SOUND LIKE LOMO IN THERE! HE... THAT'S FUNNY! HE'S STOPPED CHIPPING!
SUDDENLY, THE SHACK IS FILLED WITH A TERRIFIED, BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK...
EEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!
LOMO!
GOOD LORD! COME ON!
THE TWO GEOLOGISTS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, AS THE SPLINTERING CRASH OF A WINDOW BEING SMASHED IS HEARD...
LOOK! THE ICE-MONSTER! IT'S GONE! IT WENT THROUGH THAT WINDOW! IT'S ALIVE!
LOMO! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S WHITE AS A SHEET! HE'S BABBLING! HE...HE'S BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF HIS MIND!
HEE...HEE... HEK...HEE... HEE—EH... EH, UH... UH...UK UK...UK...

IT MUST BE FRANKEN-STEIN'S MONSTER! WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!
BUT HOW? ACCORDING TO SHELLEY'S NOVEL, BULLETS CAN'T STOP IT! IT'S NOT HUMAN!
WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK INTO THE ICE! AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY!
LATER, OUTSIDE, IN THE FRIGID ARTIC WIND
KEEP CHOPPING! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE WATER BELOW THE ICE!
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, DAWSON?
SOONER OR LATER, THE MONSTER WILL BE BACK FOR US! WHEN IT DOES SHOW UP, ONE OF US WILL ACT AS BAIT!
YOU MEAN STAND ON THE EDGE OF THIS HOLE WE'VE CUT IN THE ICE?
RIGHT! THEN WHEN IT ATTACKS THE ONE WHO ACTS AS BAIT INTO THE WATER IT GOES!
I HOPE IT WORKS, GERALD!
THE LUMBERING HULK OF THE MONSTER APPEARS OVER THE TOP OF A SNOW-DRIFT! IT MOVES TOWARD THE TWO GEOLOGISTS...THE HOLE IN THE ICE BETWEEN THEM
IT'S COMING TOWARD US! IT... OH MY GOD!
DON'T LOOK AT IT, HERB! DON'T! TURN AWAY!
YAAAAAAAAH!
SOON THE ICE IS CHOPPED THROUGH AND WATER FILLS THE HOLE! THEN
LISTEN! HEAR THAT?
IT'S COMING! NOW, REMEMBER! DON'T LOOK AT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO LOMO!

HERBERT CAMPBELL FALLS TO HIS KNEES NEXT TO THE HOLE IN THE ICE...WHIMPERING! THE MONSTER MOVES TOWARD HIM.
HENS! GET UP! GET UP!
THEN, WITH A SHRIEK THE HIDEOUS THING PLUNGES INTO THE OPENING THAT THE TWO GEOLOGISTS HAVE CHOPPED...
HENS! WE'VE GOT IT! WE'VE... LOOK OUT, HERB!
THE STRUGGLING MONSTER REACHES OUT, CLUTCHING HERBERT CAMPBELL'S LEG...
EEEEEEH-H!
HERB! GIVE ME YOUR HAND! IT'LL DRAG YOU IN!
GERALD DAWSON TURNS TO HELP HERBERT CAMPBELL, AND HIS EYES FALL UPON THE GRUESOME MONSTER AS CAMPBELL'S HAND CLOSES AROUND HIS IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP...
GOOD LORD! HOW GHASTLY!
LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE MONSTER DRAGS CAMPBELL INTO THE FREEZING WATER IN AN EFFORT TO CLIMB FROM THE HOLE... AND DAWSON, PARALYZED FROM THE GLIMPSE OF THE MONSTER'S FACE, IS DRAGGED DOWN WITH HIM...
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
HEE, HEE! YEP! THE THREE OF THEM WENT INTO THE DRINK! AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE DRINK TO FREEZE SOLID, EITHER! BUT WAIT! THIS ISN'T QUITE THE END! NOT QUITE, YET! ABOUT A YEAR LATER THE U.S. AIR FORCE DECIDES TO BUILD A BASE NEAR THAT VERY SPOT...
ONE DAY...
LOOK THERE, MAJOR! SEE? SOME BODIES... FROZEN IN THE ICE!
HMMMM! SET SOME MEN, SERGEANT! WE'LL CHOP THEM OUT AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
HEE, HEE! WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN! AT THIS POINT, I THINK I'LL END MY LITTLE TALE! AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH HORROR CAN YOU FIENDS TAKE? WHAT? YOU CAN? THEN YOU OUGHT TO SEND FOR MY SACK ISSUES!
THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER CONTAINS ALL THE INFORMATION! IT FOLLOWS... YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION... THE TEXT! READ IT AND FIND OUT HOW TO GET YOUR COPY! NOW I MUST TODDLE OFF! I HAVE A COOKING CLASS TO ATTEND! I'M THE TEACHER!

THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear VK,

Issue #9 was fairly good. I think it would've been better if Wally Wood did a story. "About Face!" was the best story in the issue. I think they should've shown what her face looked like (in the end, her face appeared, but on her chauffeur's head). Overall, this was a great example of good artwork and EC quality. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix
POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74728

Wood could do a mean horror story, but he departed our title for the far-out sf and sizzling SuspenStory mags! Yeah, the gal in "About Face!" did a number on her shady chauffeur, but he DROVE her to it! Heh, heh! Been waiting over forty years to crack that joke!
—VK

Dear Russ

I hope your holidays are the best. Me and a zombie are sharing the holidays especially Thanksgiving with me as the turkey. You printed my address and nobody wrote (strange: the postman must be a ghoul from the dead-letter office). I quit smoking—after 27 ' odd ' years of smoking coffin nails I quit (the doctor, a fire-walker, said I was playing with fire— Don't do as I do, do as I say'). So once I said it was the end it was easy. Have a good Christmas and let Sandy Clause open the presents for you.

Frank X. (EC!) Mattson, esq
New Holland, PA

We had a great Holiday here (due to printing schedules, we're only now able to report)! We exchanged gifts, and I exchanged The Crypt-Keeper (for a Vegamatic!).
—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper

My name is Mark Piekielniak and I am 11 years old and I love your horror stories. I have 9 VAULT comics. I have some questions for you. 1) Will you ever get a TV show like the Crypt-Keeper? 2) What is your favorite food? 3) Do you like Beavis and Butthead? If you do, who is dumber? 4) How old are you?

Mark Piekielniak
Utica, NY

1) Likely na. 2) Would you groan if I said hamburgers and french friqnts?. 3) Na. If I did, it would be ME who's dumber. 4) I've nged considerably since we began these reprints!
—VK

I guess you could say I am an all-around fan of old things. Everything from Monty Python to The Moody Blues entices me to further investigate, so the moment I saw your show on FOX (I don't have cable SOB!) I knew I was experiencing deja-vu.

I enjoy seeing the shows, and looking for them in the comics or vice-versa to check the acting and the differences. I saw "Fitting Punishment " (VAULT #5) on TV, and then got the comic, and I was shocked at the difference in story. Oh, well. Also, from VAULT #5 I recently saw "Werewolf Concerto!", and it was barely recognizable as the story from the comic! Please include my address as I would love to hear from fellow fans!

Ashley Flagg
40 Pine Hill ST
Manchester, CT 06040

I am not responsible for the TV scripts. Even CK is not responsible for them. We like to hear your comments on how they "rack up."
—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

HI! My name is Grant Smith and I just recently subscribed to CRYPT and VAULT. They're great! I only have a couple of questions to ask you. 1) What issues had an "Artist of the Issue" of Jack Kamen? I'm *dying* to know what he looks like!! 2) On "Crypt" (the TV show) does Jack Kamen get played by the real Jack Kamen or is he just an actor who looks like Jack Kamen? Finally, are they ever going to come out with "Vault of Horror" cards? I hope so! The Vault-Keeper rules! Your devoted fan,

Grant Smith age 11
Stamford, CT

Kamen's bio ran in the original HAUNT "11" and W SCI 11, in one sense about "now," but the bios ran on the inside front cover which we use for ads. Why not check out our reprint of CRYPT "#31," in 64-pg RGP CRYPT 1 (also available in tabloid size as EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT for $6 .) That issue (which we'll reprint as CRYPT 18) contained "Kamen's Kalamity!", with altogether too many depictions of the EC crew! Gotta have been an actor doing Kamen on TV.
—VK

Dear CK, OW and VK,

I have questions for The CK, OW, and The VK. OK first CK. 1) What is your favorite comic book? 2) When and where were you "born"? 3) Why do you like only creepy things?

OW. 1) How old are you? 2) When did you get "drawn"?

VK. 1) Do you like CK or OW better? 2) How old are you?

I think it is pitiful that those idiots called OW and VK idiots. You're cool CK, but you should share the attention with OW and VK. Please print my address. I want a penpal bad!

Cap Pierce
3112 Wabash
FT Worth, TX 76109-2244

I'll answer for everyone. CK likes VAULT best, was born in a barn, and likes creepy stuff because he's a CREEP! OW is a jillion years old and was first drawn on a cave wall in Mesapotamia. Lastly, I like both CK and OW better—than a jab in the eye with a stick! Aren't you glad you asked?
—VK

NEXT ISSUE

Dear Russ, VK, OW CK

I am an avid reader of horror novels, comic books and MAD magazine. Today at the local bookstore I discovered that a company was finally reprinting those old EC horror comics. The only problem was only one title was there: THE VAULT OF HORROR 10. I bought it, not even glancing at the superhero comics. The Vault-Keeper makes Superman look like a wimp! The Crypt-Keeper, on the other hand...

Some readers may not know it but EC comics is still alive today, and they are the publishers of MAD magazine. Why a magazine and not a comic book? Well, back when comics were under fire by everyone, especially EC's comics, MAD was a comic book along with all the others. When the Comic Code Authority went into effect, instead of dampening their comic line's potentcy, the late Bill Gaines decided to drop the comic book business and change MAD into a larger black-and-white format as it is today. My question is, since you ers already reprinting EC comics of the same ers, why not reprint the first MADs (23 to be exact)? I know I would buy them and many MAD fans would too. If readers ers still interested in the MAD-horror comic connection, the book "Completely Mad" by Maria Reidelbach is very informative and funny. As a sidenote, many of the EC artists are still alive and working for MAD. Jack Davis does art for them a lot still. Please print my address so I can get a pen pal into MAD and horror.

Happy Holidays Russ. Old Witch and Vault-Keeper! (Crypt-Keeper: Bah, Humbug!)

David Beckner
1103 Woodlawn AV
Pasadena, MD 21122

MAD was, in fact, the only Bill Gaines EC comic to be published by "Educational Comics." Later, it changed hands several times, and requires a separate business deal to allow reprinting in this series. —VK

Dear VK,

My name is Adam Brooks. I have just recently become a fan. My brother has been a fan since DC (Detective Comics) meant Dollar Comics. We like all the EC 50s comics.

In your #6 issue I think you screwed up. The story "The Beast of the Full Moon!" just stops on page 8. Please write me back and tell me how the story ended. You may print my address. Thanks.

Adam Brooks
16949 Cagle Rd
Lapine, OR 97739

Here's what you need; cut this out and paste it on the last panel of "Beast.": —VK

Dear VK,

I am your greatest fan. Just recently I was getting ready to watch my favorite show, "Tales from the Crypt," when I thought to myself "Didn't I see a comic called TALES FROM THE CRYPT?" So the next day there I was at the only comic book store who sells EC in my neighborhood and sure enough there it was staring me in the face: TFTC #8. So I picked up one of each of your horror titles. That night I had one regret, that I wasn't born in the 50s. I'm trying to convince my friends to start collecting EC, they collect Marvel (ewwww!) Not that I dislike Marvel, but how can it compare to titles like VAULT, HAUNT and CRYPT. Keep up the good work, VK. Oh! And you too, Russ.

Richard Laliberte
Providence, RI

Ewwww! —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Phooey on you! I'm selling my ECs and buying fruit pies to feed the squirrels! For your information I have no more "chutzpah" than a clam. I am one who lives entirely withdrawn from the world, so determined am I to escape past rejections and avoid old mistakes. My only outlets are painting and letter-hacking magazines like yours. If you had threatened to send the "Ghoul-Teacher" or something, to eat my face, it may have been laughed off, but there is no humor in this sort of thing, only hurtfulness, and you sir owe me an apology. Disgustedly yours,

David Hall
Seattle, WA

I apologize, but The Old Ghoul-Teacher is on her way to Seattle! —VK

THE OLD GHOUL-TEACHER:

Dear Russ,

I love all of your EC comic books. The only one I don't like is TWO-FISTED. I wish you would make EC every month. If you made blankets, posters, wallpaper, pillows, etc. I'd buy 'em all—I've tried to buy all your comics, but it's hard with no comic shop with your comics. The only ones I have are CRYPT 1, 4, 6 and VAULT 8. I also have VAULT OF HORROR 33, the old comic!

Nicolas A. Mendoza
Hacienda HTS, CA

Need I say that all back issues are still available? See the end of the column for details. —VK

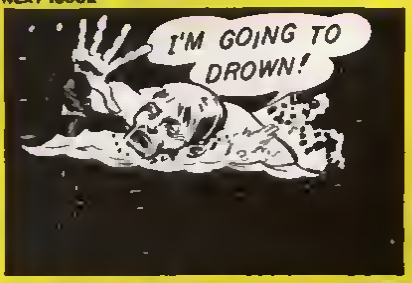
Dear VK,

I ordered some back issues of VAULT and in issue 3 I saw a letter by Blaise Caroleo. I agree with her totally when she says VAULT should have its own show. I think HAUNT should also have its own show. So if there is a possibility of either show please tell me. Please give me a serious answer.

Michael Dooney
Saddle Brook, NJ

I say the chances are slim & none. And, I am serious. Prove me wrong, HBO! —VK

NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and CRIME next month. Don't forget CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1 (subject to availability), $3 each. All others up thru issue #5, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($15 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
VAULT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
VAULT OF HORROR "#22" (#11, DEC 51/JAN 52)

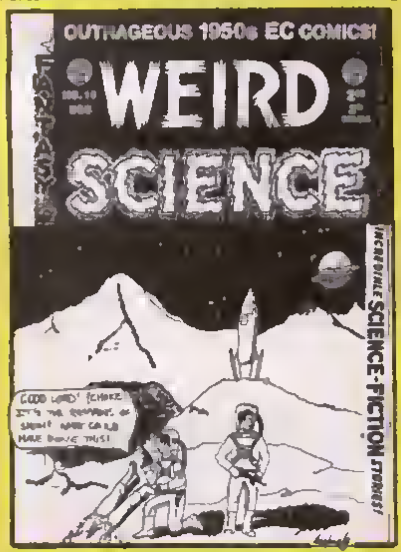
COVER by Johnny Craig	
"Fountains of Youth!"	Johnny Craig
"The Monster in the Ice!"	Graham Ingels
"Gone Fishing!"	Jack Davis
"What the Dog Dragged In!"	Jack Kamen

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot attempt to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters, so do so and state your address on the individual story.

What will HBO's Crypt-Keeper look like when they put together the reunion show in 2010? Probably something like the guy at right! This ravaged visage comes courtesy David Lowery, Irving, TX; and makes a horrific heading title for THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF

FINE ARTS #27

William Pearson, Rutland, VT sent in this TWO-FISTED duo, and I wanted to have the anonymous editor run it in the local of that title. "No room!" he cried. Though I offered to do some judicious cutting on William's behalf Ed Anon was simply too quick on his feet and escaped my vorpal blade. So, I ran it here! —CK



A 'doctored' EC cover, sent over from my compatriot, Dr deRange of el Iome. Seems that artist is Seelnelg (of Eromell, AILARTSUE).

Back again is our own Scots Terror (art-artl), John Miller, with another mini-strip. Huzzah, Leslie!

—CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit!) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We ask for clarity, accuracy and size. We automatically editorialize about address and zip code unless you clearly tell us you wish them published. We promise to acknowledge publication, so be sure to leave your address on the individual contribution.

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

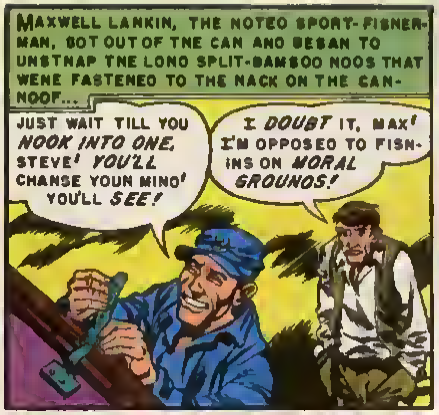
HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR OLD *HORROR FIEND, THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* NOW *I* 'ENTERTAIN' YOU! HERE'S A *SPINE-TINGLER* ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR YOU LOVERS OF *FISHING!* JUST SET YOURSELVES DOWN ON THAT BAG OF *HOOKS* AND I'LL BEGIN THE *PIERCING TALE OF TERROR* I CALL—

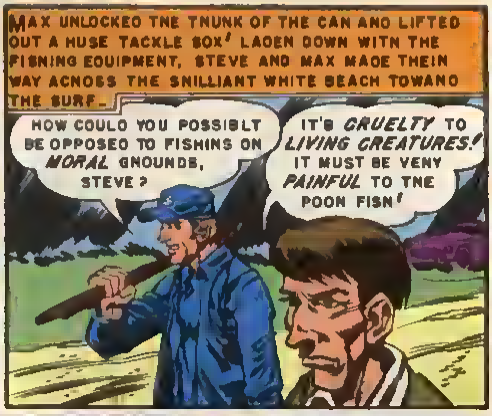
GONE...FISHING!

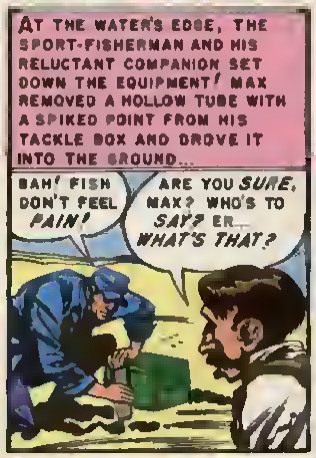
THE DUST-COVERED AUTOMOBILE ROLLED TO A STOP WHERE THE BLACK TAR ROAD KNIFED THROUGH THE SAND-DUNES AND ENDED ABRUPTLY AT THE EDGE OF A STRETCH OF WHITE BEACH! BEYOND, THE SURF—WHITE AND FROTHY—ROLLED IN FROM THE VAST SEA, FILLING THE BRISK SALT AIR WITH AN OMINOUS THUNDER—

WELL, STEVEN! HERE WE ARE! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?

REALLY MAX! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU INSISTED ON DRAGGING *ME* ALONG! YOU *KNOW* I DON'T *APPROVE* OF *FISHING!*

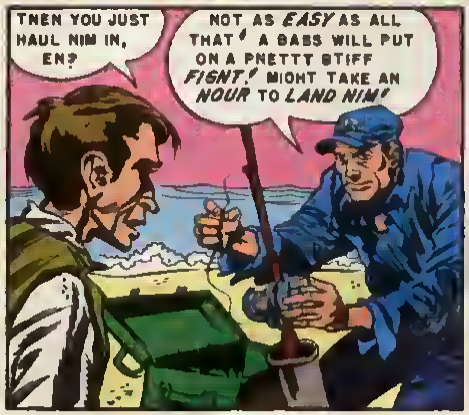

MAXWELL LANKIN, THE NOTED SPORT-FISHERMAN, GOT OUT OF THE CAR AND BEGAN TO UNSNAP THE LONG SPLIT-BAMBOO RODS THAT WERE FASTENED TO THE RACK ON THE CAR-ROOF...
JUST WAIT TILL YOU NOOK INTO ONE, STEVE! YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND! YOU'LL SEE!
I DOUBT IT, MAX! I'M OPPOSED TO FISHING ON MORAL GROUNDS!

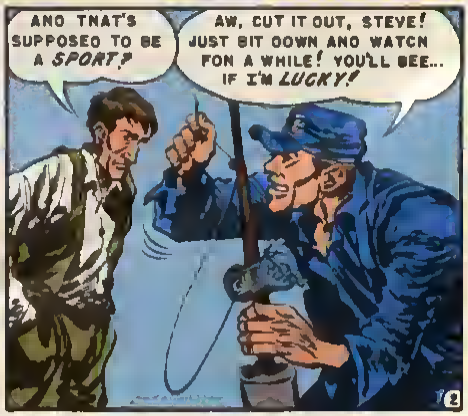

MAX UNLOCKED THE TRUNK OF THE CAR AND LIFTED OUT A HUGE TACKLE BOX! LADEN DOWN WITH THE FISHING EQUIPMENT, STEVE AND MAX MADE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE BRILLIANT WHITE BEACH TOWARD THE SURF...
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE OPPOSED TO FISHING ON MORAL GROUNDS, STEVE?
IT'S CRUELTY TO LIVING CREATURES! IT MUST BE VERY PAINFUL TO THE POOR FISH!


AT THE WATER'S EDGE, THE SPORT-FISHERMAN AND HIS RELUCTANT COMPANION SET DOWN THE EQUIPMENT! MAX REMOVED A HOLLOW TUBE WITH A SPIKED POINT FROM HIS TACKLE BOX AND DROVE IT INTO THE GROUND...
BAH! FISH DON'T FEEL PAIN!
ARE YOU SURE, MAX? WHO'S TO SAY? ER... WHAT'S THAT?

A SAND-SPIKE! IT HOLDS THE ROD UPRIGHT SO SAND CAN'T GET INTO THE REEL! SEE?
OH! VERY CLEVER!

MAX FUMBLED IN THE METAL BOX AND FINALLY REMOVED A OBLONG-SHAPED, FISH-LIKE FORM BEDECKED WITH SETS OF HOOKS...
UGH! THAT'S A PRETTY MEAN-LOOKING THING! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A STRIPED-BASS PLUG! THE BASS THINKS IT'S A FISH! IT GOES FOR IT AND... WHAM!


THEN YOU JUST HAUL HIM IN, EH?
NOT AS EASY AS ALL THAT! A BASS WILL PUT ON A PRETTY STIFF FIGHT! MIGHT TAKE AN HOUR TO LAND HIM!


AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SPORT?
AW, CUT IT OUT, STEVE! JUST SIT DOWN AND WATCH FOR A WHILE! YOU'LL SEE... IF I'M LUCKY!

MAXWELL TIED THE BASS-PLUG TO THE END OF HIS LINE AND LIFTED THE ROD FROM ITS SAND-SPIKE HOLDER...
IF YOU'RE LUCKY! YOU MEAN IF THE BASS IS UNLUCKY!
I'LL IGNORE THAT! NOW THIS TYPE OF FISHING IS CALLED SURF-CASTING! FIRST, YOU CAST THE PLUG AS FAR OUT INTO THE SURF AS YOU CAN
MAXWELL SWUNG THE ROD OVER HIS SHOULDER, WHIPPED IT FORWARD, AND THE PLUG SAILED OUT OVER THE INCOMING BREAKERS...
LIKE THAT! THEN YOU START TO REEL IT IN SLOWLY.
WHRRRRRR
MAX BEGAN TO WIND THE REEL SLOWLY AND EVENLY... TAKING THE LINE BACK UP...
...LIKE THIS! THE PLUG, BECAUSE OF ITS DESIGN, BOBS AND WEAVES THROUGH THE WATER SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A SMALL FISH! STRIPERS FEED ON SMALL FISH IN THE SURF, SO...
SUDDENLY, THE ROD IN MAX'S HANDS BENT AND THE REEL BEGAN TO SING AS THE LINE SPUN OFF IT...
A STRIKE! I'VE HOOKED ONE!
ZEEE
AS STEVE WATCHED, MAX STRUGGLED WITH THE HOOKED FISH! THE ROD BENT UNDER THE STRAIN! MAX BEGAN TO REEL IN, BUT MANY TIMES THE LINE WOULD GO SHOOTING BACK OUT IN SPITE OF HIS WORK...
CAN'T YOU JUST REEL HIM IN? MUST YOU LET HIM GO OUT LIKE THAT AGAIN?
IF I DIDN'T, THE LINE WOULD SNAP!
I'M NOT LETTING HIM RUN OUT! HE'S TAKING IT OUT! BASS! THERE'S A SERIES OF CLUTCH DISKS INSIDE A SURF-REEL CALLED A 'DRAG'! I SET IT FOR THE TESTED STRENGTH OF THE LINE! THEN, IF THE FISH YANKS HARDER, THE DRAG RELEASES THE LINE AND AVOIDS BREAKING...
MY! THEY CERTAINLY THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T THEY?
MAX CONTINUES TO FIGHT THE HOOKED FISH FOR TWENTY MINUTES! AT TIMES THEY COULD SEE IT LEAP CLEAN OF THE WATER IN AN EFFORT TO FREE ITSELF
LOOK AT HIM JUMP!
IT'S HORRIBLE!
9

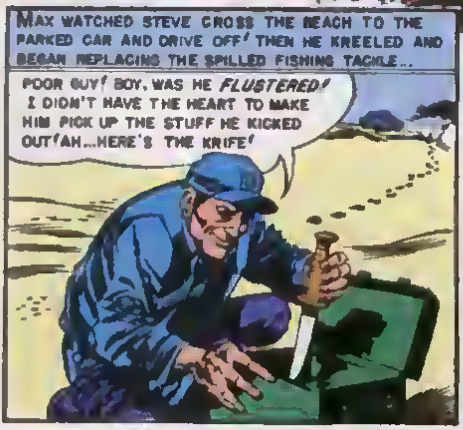
FINALLY, AFTER FORTY MINUTES, THE STRUGGLING FISH GREW TIRED AND GAVE UP THE FIGHT! MAX REELED IT IN TRIUMPHANTLY...
WOW! LOOK AT 'IM! MUST BE THIRTY-POUNDS... AT LEAST!
DISGUSTING!

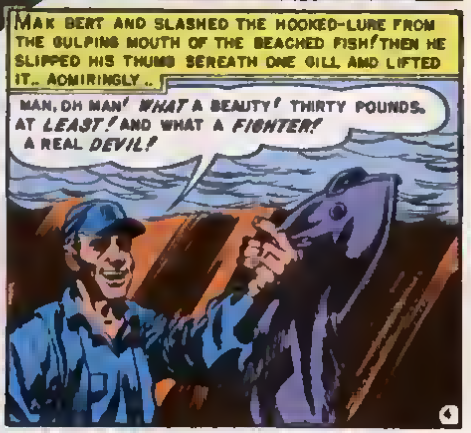
MAX HAULED THE FISH WELL UP ONTO THE BEACH AND PUT HIS FOOT ON ITS HEAD...
BRING ME THE KNIFE IN THE BOX, STEVE! I'VE GOT TO CUT THE HOOKS LOOSE!
GOOD LORD, MAX! HOW COULD YOU? LET THE POOR THING GO!

WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS A BEAUTY!
THEN GET YOUR KNIFE YOURSELF! I'M LEAVING!

STEVE TURNED TO GO... WHEN...
STEVE! LOOK OUT!
OH! I'M SORRY!

THE CONTENTS OF THE TACKLE-SOK LAY SCATTERED OVER THE WHITE SAND...
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MAX! I'LL COME BACK AND PICK YOU UP IR A COUPLE OF HOURS!
HEH, HEH! OKAY! GO AHEAD, SOFTY! I'LL BE HERE!


MAX WATCHED STEVE CROSS THE BEACH TO THE PARKED CAR AND DRIVE OFF! THEN HE KNEELED AND BEGAN REPLACING THE SPILLED FISHING TACKLE...
POOR GUY! BOY, WAS HE FLUSTERED! I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO MAKE HIM PICK UP THE STUFF HE KICKED OUT! AH...HERE'S THE KNIFE!


MAX BENT AND SLASHED THE HOOKED-LURE FROM THE GULPING MOUTH OF THE BEACHED FISH! THEN HE SLIPPED HIS THUMB BEREATH ONE GILL AMD LIFTED IT.. ADMIRINGLY..
MAN, OH MAN! WHAT A BEAUTY! THIRTY POUNDS, AT LEAST! AND WHAT A FIGHTER! A REAL DEVIL!

MAX PLACED THE FISH INTO A PLASTIC BAG..
THERE! THAT'LL KEEP THE SUN OFF YOU!
THEN HE CHECKED HIS LINE AND PREPARED FOR ANOTHER CAST...
MAYBE I'LL HOOK INTO ANOTHER ONE!
THE ROD WHIPPED FORWARD AND THE BAIT-PLUG SAILED OUT OVER THE INCOMING BREAKERS ONCE MORE...
AH! THAT WAS A GOOD CAST! C'MON, BABY! HIT ME!
FOR A FULL HOUR, MAX CAST INTO THE WHITE FROTHY WAVES - REELED IN - CAST - REELED IN - BUT WITHOUT ANOTHER STRIKE..
LOOKS LIKE ONE IS ALL I GET TODAY! AW! I'LL QUIT FOR A WHILE! I'M HUNGRY ANYWAY!
MAX HAULED IN HIS LINE, SET THE ROD IN THE SAND-SPIKE AND LICKED HIS LIPS...
BOY! A NICE SANDWICH AND OH, NO! THE LUNCH IS IN THE CAR!
MAX CURSED AND KICKED UP THE SAND ANGRILY! SUDDENLY, HE SAW SOMETHING LYING THERE - SOMETHING BRIGHT AND COLORFUL...
HEY! LOOKS LIKE A CANDY BAR!
MUST HAVE BEEN IN MY TACKLE-BOX AND GOT KICKED OUT! WHAT LUCK! I'M STARVED!
9

MAX UNWRAPPED THE CANDY BAR AND BIT INTO IT HUNGRILY! HE NEVER NOTICED THE SILKY, ALMOST INVISIBLE THREAD HANGING FROM IT...

M-M-M-R-R! GOOD!

SUDDENLY THE SILK THREAD GREW TAUT! MAX FELT A KNIFING PAIN IN HIS CHEEK...

OWWWWWWW! WHAT THE...

THE PAIN IN MAX'S CHEEK WAS UNBEARABLE! IT FELT LIKE A *BARBED HOOK!* THE LINE, RUNNING FROM HIS MOUTH, GREW TIGHTER AND TIGHTER! MAX SCREAMED IN PAIN...

THE LINE! IT COMES FROM THE WATER!

SLOWLY, STEADILY, MAX WAS DRAGGED SCREAMING AND STRUGGLING TOWARD THE WATER! THE STINGING PAIN IN HIS MOUTH WAS EXCRUCIATING! HE TRIED TO SPIT IT OUT TRIED TO FREE HIMSELF BUT IT WAS NO USE! SAVAGELY, HE DUG HIS HEELS INTO THE SOFT SAND! IT DID NO GOOD! ON AND ON HE WAS DRAGGED... ON TOWARD THE ROARING SURF...

YAAAAAAAAH!

THE DUSTY AUTOMOBILE PULLED UP TO THE BEACH WHERE THE ROAD ENDED! STEVE GOT OUT! HE LOOKED DOWN TOWARD THE SURF-ROD STANDING ALONE ON THE DESERTED BEACH...

THAT'S FUNNY! I WONDER WHERE MAX IS?

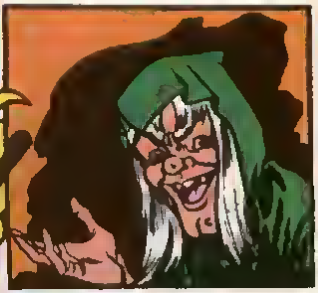
SOMETHING CAUGHT STEVE'S EYE! SOMETHING OUT IN THE WATER! AS IT BROKE THE SURFACE, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM ECHOED ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE INCOMING BREAKERS! IT HESITATED FOR A SPLIT-SECOND THEN IT WAS GONE A *MAN'S HEAD*...

GOOD LORD! MAX!

HEH, HEH! YEP! MAX WAS *HOOKED!* NOW HE KNOWS HOW A *FISH FEELS!* WHAT *KIND* OF FISH DOES *BEACH-CASTING* FOR *MEN*, YOU ASK? WELL, HOW SHOULD *I* KNOW? AM *I* A *FISH?* HEH, HEH! OH, BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME *YOU* GO FISHING, BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER! SOME *FISH* MAY BE *MAN*-ING, AND *YOU* MIGHT GET HOOKED, TOO! BUT YOU WON'T BE HOOKED WHEN YOU SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! *BHOOKED* IS A *BETTER* WORD! THE VAULT-KEEPER TELLS HOW TO GET *YOURS* IN HIS COLUMN, *THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER!* NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO HIM! 'BYE!

AND NOW, COME SEE...

What the dog dragged in!



BETTY REACHED DEEP INTO HER WORLD OF DARKNESS AND PATTED JERRY'S SOFT SILKY HEAD. THEN SHE RAISED A WARNING FINGER. HER BLIND EYES STARING PAST THE SQUATTING DOG...

...AND MIND YOU, JERRY, GO *STRAIGHT* TO THE *BUTCHER SHOP!* MRS. SIMPSON WILL BE HERE SOON, AND I *HAVE* TO HAVE THAT ORDER IN THE HOUSE!

DEFTLY, WITH FINGERS LONG ACCUSTOMED TO THE RITUAL, BETTY FOLDED THE MEAT ORDER AND SLIPPED IT UNDER THE ARXIOUS DOG'S COLLAR...

SO COME *RIGHT BACK* WITH IT, YOU *HEAR*? THERE! NOW, OFF YOU GO!

JERRY STARTED AWAY LIKE A SHOT AT HIS MISTRESS'S COMMAND... SCANFERING OUY OF THS SEDROOM, AND OOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS...

AND WATCH OUT FOR *CARS*, SOY!

THROUSH THE SMOKER PARSL IN THS SATTERSD FRONT DOOR, OOWN THE OVSRSROWN PATH, THS DOS RACSD

...OR UP THS DUSTY ROAD TO TOWN! FROM HER SEDROOM WINDOW, SETTY SAT IN HSR WHSSLCHAIR, STARING OUT WITH SIGHTLESS SYSS...

THEN, WHEN JERRY'S YELPS COULD NO LONSER SE HEARD SETTY PUSHSD HARD ON THS RISHT WHSSL AND SWURS AWAY FROM THE WARM SURRY AIR OUTSIDS SO THAT SRS FACSD THE DUSTY RAMSHACKLE INTERIOR OF HER RUR-OOWN HOUSE

SOOD OOS! SOOO OLD JERRY! I OONT KNOW *WHAT* I'D DO *WITHOUT* YOU!

MEARWHILS, FAR OOWN THS DUSTY ROAD, JERRY RACED ALORS, KICKING UF THE PSBBLES WITH HIS HIND PAWS! SOON HE AFPROACHSD THE STAYS HISHWAY THAT LSD INTO TOWN

AS THS LOPING DOS SWURS OUT OF THE DIRT SIDEROAD ONTO THE SMOOTH STRIP OF CONCRSYS HISHWAY, A SPEEDING CAR HURYLSD AT HIM! THS SYILL, HOT AFYERNOON AIR WAS FILLSD WITH THS SCREAMING SHRIEK OF BRAKSS AND THS YIPING SQUEAL OF A DOS IN PAIN

GOOD LORD!

IN HSR PLASTER-CRACKSD ROOM, SETTY LIFTED HER SENSITIVE FINGERS FROM THS WART-LIKS BRAILLE BOOK AND LISTENSD! IT CAME LIKE A FINE THREAD STRETCHED ACROSS THE SUNNY AFTERNOON AIR. THS FAINT SOUND OF A CAR STOPPING! THEN IT WAS GONE AS IF A GIANT SCISSOR HAD SNAPPED IT..

WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT? IT.. SOUNDED LIKE BRAKES ..OUT ON THS HISHWAY!

THE MAN IN THE SNAPPY SPORT COAT LOOKED DOWN AT THE STILL FURRY MOUND LYING BEFORE HIS EXPENSIVE CAR! HE SHOOK HIS HEAD! THEN HE STOOPED AND PLACED HIS HAND ON THE DOG'S CHEST..
POOR THING! RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ME! HE... WHAT'S THIS? HEART'S STILL BEATING! HE'S... ALIVE!
BETTY TURNED AT THE SOUND BEHIND HER...
JERRY! THAT YOU?
NO, MISS BETTY! 'TAIN'T JERRY! IT'S ME... MRS. SIMPSON!" I LOOKED IN THE ICE-BOX B'FORE I CAME UP! HOW'S YOU EXPECT ME TO COOK YOUN DINNER WHEN THERE'S NO-THING TO COOK?
THE SLEEK CAR PULLED UP BEFORE THE VETER-INARY'S, AND THE MAN IN THE SPORT COAT CARRIED THE LIMP FORM OF THE DOG INSIDE! AFTER A HASTY EXAMINATION, THE WHITE-COATED VET ANNOUNCED...
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.. HE'S JUST BRUISED UP A BIT!
WHILE BACK AT THE HOUSE...
JERRY SHOULD BE BACK ST NOW, MRS. SIMPSON! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
I DON'T MIND COMIN' IN AND COOSIN' FOR YOU, MISS BETTY, BUT I CAN'T WAIT AROUND ALL DAY! I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT YOU HAVE!
THE AFTERNOON PASSED AND EVENING CAME.. BUT STILL THE DOG DID NOT RETURN! BETTY SAT IN HER ROOM.. IN HER WORLD OF DARKNESS, WAITING...
OH, JENNY! JERRY! WHERE ARE YOU?
WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOME, ROGER CARTWRIGHT THE WEALTHY PHILANTHROPIST COMFORTED THE INJURED JERRY..
JUST TAKE IT EASY, FELLER! IN A FEW DAYS, YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW! THEN WE'LL SEE ABOUT RETURNING YOU TO YOUR MASTER!
AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER, BETTY, HEARTBROKEN OVER THE DISAP-PEARANCE OF HER CHERISHED COMPANION, GASPED AS HIS FRIENDLY BARK DRIFTED UP TO HER FROM BELOW..
JENNY! IT'S JERRY!" HE'S COME BACK!
3

BETTY FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT JERRY AS HE SCAMPERED INTO HER BEDROOM AND NUZZLED HIS WARM ROSE AGAINST HER TEAR-STREAKED CHEEK...
OH, JERRY! JERRY! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEEN KILLED!
HE ALMOST WAS, MISS!
BETTY LIFTED HER HEAD! SOMEONE WAS IN THE ROOM! SOMEONE HAD BROUGHT JERRY BACK TO HER! A MAN.
MY CAR STRUCK THE POOR FELLOW WHEN HE DARTED OUT INTO THE HIGHWAY THREE DAYS AGO! I TOOK HIM HOME WITH ME! I TRACED HIM TO YOU BY THE NOTE IN HIS COLLAR!
WHO...WHO ARE YOU? I'M SORRY... I CAN'T SEE YOU! I'M BLIND!
ROGER CANTWRIGHT STUDIED THE ATTRACTIVE SLIM GIRL IN THE WHEELCHAIR AS SHE CLUTCHED HER DOG AFFECTIONATELY..
MY NAME IS...ER...YOU CAN CALL ME ROGER!
HOW DO YOU DO! I'M BETTY MARSH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, ROGER!
DON'T TRY, BETTY! IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!
DO YOU LIVE CLOSE BY, ROGER?
A FEW MILES AWAY! YOU HAVE A VERY CLEVER DOG! HE PRACTICALLY GUIDED ME HERE!
YES! HE IS SMART! HE DOES ALL MY SHOPPING FOR ME! YOU SEE, I CAN'T VERY WELL...CONFINED TO THIS WHEELCHAIR AS I AM!
ROGER AND BETTY CONTINUED TO CHAT, AND THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE GREW LONGER AS THE AFTERNOON WORE AWAY.
WELL, I MUST BE GOING, BETTY! IT'S GETTING LATE!
YOU'LL COME AGAIN, WON'T YOU, ROGER? I HAVE SO FEW VISITORS!
ROGER LOOKED DOWN AT THE SWEET YOUNG HELPLESS THING BEFORE HIM...
OF COURSE I'LL COME AGAIN, BETTY! ANYTIME YOU WANT ME TO! JUST SEND YOUR DOG! HE KNOWS WHERE I LIVE!
WON'T YOU TELL ME? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR LAST NAME!
4

ROGER SROOK HIS RSAD...
NO, SETYY! I CAN'T YELL YOU MY LAST RAMS OR WRERE I LIVS! I.. I HOPE YOU OON'T MIRO!
I...I OON'T UROSRSYARD, ROSER!
SOMSDAY YOU WILL! JUST TRUST ME! IF YOU WARY ME.. JUST SEND JERRY!
SOOO-SYE!
GOOO-SYE, ROSER!
ROSER MADS HIS WAS OUY OF SEYYY'S SRASSY ROOM ARD SOWR YHE RICKSTY SYAIRS..
I COULDN'T YSLL RER WHO I AM! I'M WEALTNY! I'M KNOWN FOR MY CHARIYASLE WORK! I WOULOR'T SYAND A CHANGE! SHE'O YRIRK I WAS SEEIRS HER OUT OF PITY! SHE'O NATE ME FOR IT! ARO I OON'Y WANY THAT!
BSTYY LISYENED AS ROSER'S CAR ROARED AWAY INTO YHE SATHERING YWILISHY! SRE HUGSED JERRY'S SOFY SILKY HEAO. PRESSING HER CHSSK AGAINST IT
OR, JSRRY! HE'S SO NICE! THANK YOU FOR FINDIRS HIM FOR ME!
SEVSRAL SAYS LATER, AS ROSSR CARTWRIORT WAS SIYYIRS ON THE TERRACE OF HIS LUXURIOUS HOME, A OOG CAME OASHING FURIOUSLY ACROSS RIS VAST WELL-KSPT LAWR...
JERRY! I'VE SEEN WAIYING FOR YOU TO COMS! SOES SSTTY WART ME YO VISIT HER ASAIN? DOES SHE, FELLER?
BSYTY SMILED AS JERRY'S HAPPY SARKING ANNOUNCED HIS RETURN
ROGER?
YES, SETYY! I'M HERE! I'M SO GLAO YOU SERT JERRY FOR ME! I'O SEER WAITING
I'M HAPPY YOU CAME, ROGER! SIT DOWR RERE NEXT TO ME! WE'LL TALK!
YES! WE RAVE SO MUCH YO YALK ABOUT!
9

A WEEK WENT BY' ROGER'S VISITS BECAME MONE FREQUENT' BETTY WOULD SEND JENNY FON HIM, AND HE'D COME BACK WITH THE RAPPILY YELPING DOG' THEN THEY'D BE TOGETHER LAUGHING.. CHATTING' ONE DAY...

BETTY DARLING' WILL YOU NARRY ME?

PLEASE, ROGER' I COULDN'T' I'M AN INVALID. BLIND' I'LL BE A *BURDEN*'

BUT I *LOVE* YOU DARLING!

OH, ROGER' *ROGER*' DO YOU? I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE THE FIRST TIME YOU CAME HERE!

SWEETHEART!

DEAREST!

ROGER WAS WHISTLING A CHEERY TUNE AS HE SWUNG HIS CAR OUT OF THE DINT SIDE ROAD ONTO THE HIGHWAY' ENGROSSED IN THOUGHTS OF THE WONDERFUL HOURS HE'D JUST SPENT WITH BETTY, HE NEVER SAW THE FAST APPROACHING TRUCK

THE NEXT DAY, BETTY SAT ALONE IN HER WORLD OF DARKNESS, WAITING FOR JERRY TO RETURN WITH ROGER.. WAITING FOR THE HAPPY BARKING' BUT WHEN JERRY TROTTED IN SADLY... AND LAID HIS HEAD IN HER LAP, WHIMPERING...

JERRY' ISN'T ROGER HOME TODAY? I WONDER WHERE HE COULD BE?

THE DAY AFTER THAT, BETTY SENT JERRY ONCE AGAIN.. AND ONCE AGAIN, JERRY RETURNED ALONE!

JERRY' DIDN'T YOU BRING RIM BACK TODAY EITHER? WHAT IS IT? YOU'RE *TREMBLING*!

DAY AFTER DAY, BETTY WOULD SEND JERRY FOR ROGER... AND DAY AFTER DAY, THE PANTING DOG WOULD RETURN... ALONE.

IT'S BEEN OVER A *MONTH*, JERRY' WHERE *IS* HE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO RIM? OH, DEAR LORD' IF ONLY YOU COULD *TALK*... TELL ME WHAT'S *WRONG*!

SOON, JERRY EVER REFUSED TO *GO* WHER BETTY ONDEMED HIM TO BRIRD BACK ROBER! THE OOD WOULD JUBT BOUAT BEFORE HEM, RIS READ COCKED TO ONE BIDE . RIS EYES BAD... WATCHIND HER CHY..

PLEADE, JERHY! *PLEASE*.. SOD, SOD.. BRIND ROBER RERE! I WIBS HIW BO! *PLEASE!*

THEN, ORE DAY, ABOUT TWO MONTHS AFTER ROBER HAD BTOPPED COMIND TO CALL... AFTER BETTY'S TEARFUL PLEADIND, THE DOD DARTED AWAY.. DOWN THE RICKETY BTEPS ARD UP THE DUBTY ROAD! BY THAT NIGHT, HE'D BTILL NOT RETURRED...

OH, JERRY! JERHY! YOU'VE DESERTED ME, *TOO!* I'M ALL ALORE, ROW!

DAYS WERT BY, BUT JEHHY DID NOT COWE BACK! BETTY BAT ALONE EACH NIGHT IN HER BHABBY BED-ROOM CHYIND! ONE NIGHT, ABOUT A WEEK AFTEH JERRY HAD BORE AWAY, BHE HEARD IT, WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE.. THE BOUND OF A DOD'S RAPPY BARKIND..

JERRY! IT'S *JERRY!* HE'S COWIRD *BACK!*

BETTY RELD RER BREATH! THE BOUND OF DOD PEET PADDED OR THE PATH BELOW ARD BARK-IND EXPLODED THROUDH THE FHORT DOOR! JERRY CAME UP THE HICKETY BTAIRS AHD IRTO HER ROOM...

OH, JEHHY! JEHHY! WHEHE HAVE YOU BEEH? *WHERE...*

SUDDENLY BETTY DREW BACK FHOM THE PANTIRD DOD! A FOUL ODOR FILLED THE ROOM! THE BMELL OF EARTH-DECAYED, BHAVEYARD EARTH! BETTY REACHED OUT IRTO HER DARK WORLD.. FEELIND FOR THE DOD! A CRUNK OF HARCID, CRAWLIRD BOIL DROPPED IRTO HER OPEH HAND...

JERRY! WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN?*

BETTY BWUNG HER WHEEL-CHAIR AROUND! BOMEONE WAB COMIND UP THE HICKETY BTAIRS! BLOWLY.. PAINFULLY DRABBIND ONE LEB AFTER THE OTHER! THE BEDROOM DOOR BWURD OPEH! IT BTOOD FHAWED IN THE DOORWAY! BETTY BTARED AT IT WITH BIGHTLESB EYES

ROGER?

DO WHO ELSE? YER, KIDDIES! IT WAS ROBEH! *DEAD ROGER*, TRAT IB! HOW WABN'T JERRY A LOYAL DOG? BIX FEET IS AN AWFUL LOT OF DIGBIND FOR SUCH TINY PAWS! IT'B BOOD BETTY IB BLIHD! BHE'S LUCKY SHE CAN'T *SEE* WHAT THE WUTT DRABBED IH! BUT *YOU* CAN BEE BOMETHIND HORRIBLE IF YOU WANT TO! WY *FACE!* NO!, I WEAN MY BACK ISSUES! AND.., EVERY ONE IS AVAIL-ABLE! READ WY COL-UWH, *THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER*, FOR INFO ON HOW TO BET *YOURS!* AND WE'LL ALL BEE YOU HEXT IN *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!*

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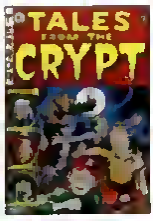

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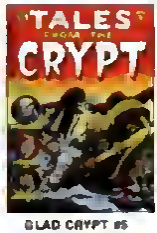

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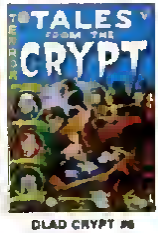

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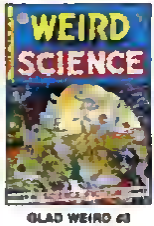

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